

Forces

Volume 2009

Article 60

5-1-2009

Death of a Valentine

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Recommended Citation

Raffaele, Michael (2009) "Death of a Valentine," *Forces*: Vol. 2009 , Article 60.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2009/iss1/60>

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Death of a Valentine

Erratum

Featured Poet



DEATH OF A VALENTINE
(for the victims of the Northern Illinois University shootings, Valentine's Day, 2008)

Michael Raffaele
Featured Poet

Schoolboy shots delivered like a love crush memo gram.
Lonely sounds of loneliness clicking away the hours when roses ruled the world.
My death triggered by a morning when men arose with their hearts bouqueted in their hands.

Pedal painted lips dried to the floor-
Dead kissing a breathless pale rose-
The dying valentine of a dying valentine.

Pulped nectared fingers that tremble so loud-
Twitching sub rosa-
Under the roses-
Clutching love notes that clutch love secrets.
A sky that darkens at five after three-
Four o' clock flowers you are too late for the
Self-seeding black lily spreading fast in the vineyard-
Unchecked by old mother.
Rows of desperations roses
Throwing themselves to the moist orchard bed-
Dodging the poppy seeds gardened upon then.

Another morning that ends with men loading their hearts into their hands.

Heart strong shapely rose-
Dying a weak thinned dandelion death.
Bloody pedals blown away by a merciless schoolchild breeze.
Stems strewn throughout the back yard-
Forgotten tomorrow when the year's day of love wisps into yesterday.
Cole Hall an atrium of rage on this day of Illinois love-
Filled with gashed snipped roses-
Shriveled so far from a love-sick Rome that wipes its crying eyes
With the gurney-tissued robes of the martyred saints of St Valentine.

Persecuted beautiful free rose-
Claiming to all that love is real-
Thorned to an iced white cross-
Black holes chambered into my sensitive flowered hands-
Through my drying passifloras that now have nowhere to run.



loneliness clicking away the hours when roses ruled the world . . .

Chief of the Angels scribed in red from my own wounded pedals-
Telling the sinful city streets where I stood when their world was in trouble.
I thirst in frozen water-
Me a gentle rose winded with the chilled smell of this endless February tundra.

And the sun then rises again.
Agonized and tired. Faith frozen.
Scared of what it will bring to the world today-
With leftover love roses below-
Roaming the halls timid with their slowing heart-shaped steps-
Mourning their love brothers buried in a field of poppies that live for death-
Broken by another mass of life swept off its feet on Valentine's.
A day of love never ends a day of love.
And now my love is gone.

